

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, December 24, 1803.

[No. 56]

De Valcour and Bertha :

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. III.

(Continued from page 18.)

DE Valcour is confined in a cell at some distance from this spot: he is beyond hearing of your voice, lady, should you raise it to its utmost pitch: and should it reach his ear, a strong iron door would preserve us from impertinent interruption. It is by my order all this is done; for no one else has authority here: but, fear not; no violence shall be offered you; neither shall you be made a prisoner here. I have provided a commodious and pleasant retreat for you. I would not be your tyrant, Bertha; I would win by gentle means.

Bertha gave him but a smile of contempt for answer; and finding resistance vain, put up a secret prayer to heaven for preservation. For some time she refused any refreshment, till, finding herself completely exhausted by grief and fear, she consented to take a glass of wine and some bread. The

whole party, consisting of about ten martial looking men, sat down to an elegant repast. They remained masked, and conversed on general topics: every one behaved to her with marked respect, and retired soon after the meal was concluded, except one, who seemed to wait some orders from the chief. Tyrault, said he, conduct this lady to the apartments designed for her in the fortress. Perez is sentinel this watch; is not he? He is, said Tyrault; and every thing is prepared for the lady's accommodation: she shall want nothing. That is right, returned the chief. He then added with a sigh, I hope she will soon be reconciled to her situation, and not feel a wish to leave us. Bertha's tears flowed fast during this conversation. The chief took her hand, and bowing respectfully over it, said, Farewel, Bertha, for the present. Calm your apprehensions; you need not dread molestation. I will see you tomorrow, and explain circumstances more minutely. He then bowed slightly to Tyrault, who led her away.

They passed through several arched passages, till they came to a spiral flight of stairs. Bertha was too much absorbed by her own reflections, to speak to her conductor, who lighted her along with polite attention. He at last stopped against a large grated door, when he removed the padlock by which it was secured. Bertha complied: hope was lost, and she determined patiently to

wait the event. It opened into a spacious gallery, encircled by iron railings: from this they passed to a suite of rooms, light, and well furnished.

Tyrault lighted a lamp which was suspended from the ceiling of the last apartment, observing that as he could not return for twelve hours, she might find it necessary,—Merciful powers! cried Bertha, am I to remain forever in this captivity? What have I done, tell me, I intreat you, who are my persecutors? I am forbidden, madam, to answer any questions, returned Tyrault; but my admiration of you prompts me to transgress. Your captivity will be lengthened according to circumstances. The gentleman who detains you here is the head of an honorable society, known by the title of Independents, who are chiefly men of rank and fortune. I am in his confidence; and I think I can promise you the most respectful treatment. A female servant will attend you here; and you will be furnished at stated periods with what refreshments you wish. A change of dress is also in readiness for you. But let me remind you, Madam, that while the Seigneur is thus provident for your accommodation, any attempt to seduce his attendants from their fidelity will be punished with the utmost severity. Farewel, Madam, Judith will wait on you presently.

He then bowed, and retired, fastening the door after him. Shortly after which

Bertha heard him say without, Perez, this is your station. I consign this key to you; no one must be admitted, except bearing the signet of the seigneur.

Bertha flung herself on the bed in an agony of grief. Her own lot she could have borne with composure, could she but know the fate of Julian; but now every prospect of communication was cut off, and she was filled with the most dreadful apprehension that he had fallen a victim to the vengeance of her persecutors. In this state of painful suspense she remained, till an impulse of curiosity induced her to take a survey of the apartment allotted her before night-fall should prevent investigation.

CHAP. IV.

THE suite of apartments allotted to the use of Bertha, were furnished in a style of splendor which surprised her, and, from the appearance of every thing she saw, she concluded that they must have been recently inhabited; but there seemed to be no outlet or passage of communication with any other part of the building, except the iron door by which she had entered. One large window (and the only one which was not secured by a strong iron grating) commanded a view of a most beautiful and extensive lake, the calm bosom of which reflected the glowing tints of the setting sun, whose radiant beams illuminated a large track of land on the opposite shore. The scene would have had many beauties in the eye of Bertha in happier days; but now confinement, and reflections on her uncertain fate, sickened her heart, and made even the charms of nature an aggravation of her misery. Yet she found food to hope, in the idea that her melancholy fate, and peculiar delicacy of situation, might inspire the breast of her female attendant with compassion.

A few minutes terminated her suspense, and drove her back to despair; for, in the expected, wished-for Maud, she beheld a figure uncouth, ill-featured, old, and apparently insensible to all she uttered. Imagining her to be deaf, Bertha addressed her by signs; but all her efforts seemed unheeded by the inexorable Maud, who silently placed some provisions before her, trimmed the lamp, added fuel to the fire which

had been kindled to air the rooms, and retired without a single look of feeling or kindness.

Bertha had little rest that night. The first object which met her eye in the morning, was a complete suite of black, to which was affixed a ticket: on it was written,

*A Mourning Dress,
For the widow of Julian De Valcour.*

Bertha started up; it hung across a chair by her bed-side: she surveyed it again and again, imagining she was but in a fearful dream, but soon found the reality too true. Maud entered soon after: the unhappy creature grasped her withered hand, and with streaming eyes, entreated to know if her Julian had been murdered. The old woman shook her head as if ignorant of her meaning, and every attempt to make her comprehend seemed vain. Bertha lost all composure; she paced the room with irregular steps, tore her hair, and gave way to the most alarming wildness. In this state she continued several days, during which Maud never left her, but continued to preserve the same forbidding cast of features as before.

One day, when Bertha was more tranquil than usual, Maud retired for a few hours, and returned with a note, which she presented very respectfully, it was addressed to "*The Lady Bertha*," and contained these words:

"The chief requests a short audience of the lady Bertha; to which privilege he hopes his long attention to her wishes has entitled him. Every thing in his power shall be done that can contribute to her comfort or pleasure."

Bertha hastily snatching a pen wrote,

"Bertha De Valcour has now no wish, but for death or liberty."

This she delivered to her attendant, who received it silently, as usual; but with an expression of countenance, such as Bertha had never observed before, and which now filled her with horror, Maud had not been gone many minutes when a gentle knocking at the outer door gave her a momentary alarm. She listened in trembling anxiety; it was repeated. Convinced that it was no one who had allowed access to the apartments, she approached the door, when

some one said, in a low voice, Madam, Madam! your destruction is certain, if you do not escape within two hours. Trust neither to appearances nor promises; you are not safe. The friendly voice ceased.

Thinking it was the sentinel who had thus warned her, she eagerly demanded of him the means by which she could escape, and whether he would assist her; when the gruff tones, and rude reply, of the guard, convinced her of her mistake. He tauntingly asked, if she was mad enough to think he would betray his trust for the whimpering of a woman? Adding, insultingly, No, no, Signora; you are not the first bird that has fluttered in the cage; but if you escape from it without leave from our Signor you will be a rare bird indeed. Disgusted by his inhumanity, and severely disappointed, Bertha retired from the door to devise some plan for her escape, each of which, as it occurred, she soon found impracticable.

An hour elapsed by the glass which stood on the table, and no one came near to assist or comfort her. She turned her eyes despondently to the window. Surely, she exclaimed, this is my only alternative—death or dishonor. The height is fearful; and my fate certain, should I leap from hence; yet it is in the power of a benign Providence to assist me, to preserve me; to that alone will I trust.

As she was thus reflecting the clouds began to darken, the wind rose with considerable violence, and the vivid lightning dazzled the eyes of Bertha. With the agitation of the elements her mind seemed roused to energy, and she gazed with awful expectation on the foaming waves beneath her, which seemed swelling to meet and bear her to her destined grave.

A distant cry of distress vibrated on the air. Bertha stretched herself from the window, and looked anxiously around. A small fishing-vessel seemed driven by the tempest towards the building, but the mariners appeared exerting themselves to keep her clear. The heart of Bertha bounded with joy; heaven seemed working a miracle in her favor; for should they be brought near enough to distinguish her signals of distress, she might escape in safety.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN DIVERTISSEMENTS.

*From Storch's Picture of Petersburg.**Continued from page 19.*

IT has long been the custom to keep a general Promenade on certain holidays. On the first of May all the people of fashion assembled in the most splendid equipages in the woods of Katharinenthof, as it should seem, to hail the arrival of spring. All that the taste and expence of the wealthy part of the public has to exhibit in these particulars, is here to be seen, as numbers of new carriages have been kept shut up in the coach-houses till this day; and this train actually determines the fashion in the shape and color of carriages till the next grand parade. Magnificent as the procession is, of several thousand equipages, mostly in the highest style of richness and elegance, not less, and perhaps still more curious, is the end and aim of this choice diversion.

The carriages proceed in three or four rows, close beside and behind each other; the pleasure consists in seeing and being seen; and, after some hours spent in this manner, every one hastens home satisfied and delighted. The populace who, on this occasion, assemble in great multitudes, have here, as usual, drawn the better lot: jovial and gay, they take their glass of brandy, looking from under their tents at the gaudy hosts of vanity; and to them it is a real comedy. The philosopher entertains himself in contemplating the singular contrasts of this prodigious mass of mortals compounded of such heterogeneous parts; and every one thinks himself well repaid for coming. Similar Carriage-promenades are held at Easter round the swings.

More appropriate, and more general than these amusements, is the Driving in Sledges; a diversion, of which, even in Germany, nothing more than a very faint idea can be formed. Indeed it is not here the custom, as there, to have solemn processions in sledges; but the nature of our winter, and the fleetness of our horses, confer peculiar charms on this amusement in Russia. The sledges here in use are extremely simple, as the shapes of shells, gondolas, swans, eagles, &c. are thought absurd and tasteless ornaments. Those for two persons are drawn by a pair of hor-

ses, one being harnessed in the shafts, and the other by his side, without them, to a suspended cross-bar. The rule is to keep the former in a trot, and the other in a gallop. The great interest in this winter-sport consists in the extraordinary speed of driving: to what lengths our Isvoschtschiki and horses have attained in this matter, I shall forbear to mention, for fear of losing all my credit with the reader.

The sledges for a single person, made use of by our beaux for their morning recreation, are generally very elegant, and their horses excellent runners: the gentleman guides himself, and beside the horse rides a hussar, finely dressed, to hold the reins.—On pleasant winter-days, public sledge-races are held on the Neva. The course is about three hundred fathoms long, and enclosed with railing. The lovers of the sport, and the Isvoschtschiki, lay bets on the fleetness of their horses, or use the course merely for their own diversion. The great concourse of people assembled as spectators, for whose accommodation, likewise, several scaffolds are erected, is a considerable addition to the liveliness of the show.—Driving for pleasure is not merely confined to one sex; the ladies are warranted by custom to enjoy this amusement, consistently with the rules of propriety. The principal rendezvous for it is the Peterhof Road.

The Neva, and the canals by which St. Petersburg is intersected, afford the inhabitants the convenience of going, either for business or pleasure, on the water, in such perfection as can only be enjoyed in very few towns in Europe. We may not only go on pleasant excursions to a distance from the city, and to the islands, but even take short passages to most of the streets. On the shores of the Neva, plenty of boats are ever in readiness to take a fare, some of them belonging to the public offices, others kept by private persons. They are of various sizes, of two, four, six, eight, and twelve oars; but their construction is in general the same. All things considered, these water-parties are to be reckoned among the most engaging amusements of the place.

ON EDUCATION.

BY — PRATT.

Continued from page 19.

THERE are, doubtless, some constitutions so adapted by nature to virtue, that no troubles, situations nor temptations, can subdue or extirpate their amiable propensities—but ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a character takes its bias and bearing from mere tuition, and the line it is either led or thrown into in the first stage of the human journey. If there be no innate ideas, it follows that the mind of every new-born babe is equally pure.—If there be those infantine seeds of the understanding and little embryos of intellect—they are easily turned into what channel the parent thinks proper—so that I cannot but think the father of a family one of the most awful charges upon earth.

It is admitted; that many children are unlike their parents both good and bad; yet you will observe, where the notions of parents and children are dissimilar, the dissimilitude arises rather from difference of ages, or improper culture, than any thing else; in general children are not liker in features than habits, and family-minds are as often transmitted as family-faces. There is a tractability in youth which receives, like snow, every impression—and it is almost as difficult to erase the impression of one as the other.—If a son be trained up early to decency of manners, and have the example of dignity living and moving before his eyes (unless his temper be particularly untoward) he will turn out an elegant character.—If he be trained up in different principles, he will act accordingly.—The hoiden and the prude, amongst the other sex, take not their tint and character one time in ten from nature, but from a neglect early to give them a proper idea of deportment. It may be opposed that very sedate women have romping, runaway daughters, and very prudent fathers have very perverse sons.—I mean to say no more than this, that, generally men and women act and think as they are taught whilst they are only able to lisp out their meaning—that education will have some influence on the most abandoned; and that, on the whole, virtue and vice depend very essentially on our primary sentiments and examples; whether good or ill; will eternally attend us, in some measure,

all possible transitions, from the time we leave our cradles, to the time we shall be deposited in our coffins.

Habit operates with equal energy on man and beast. Evidences of the fact appear continually. Cast your eyes on that horse now engaged in dutiful drudgery, and on the herds and flocks which are grazing or sporting in the adjoining pasture: but we will confine ourselves to our own species, which are certainly the most interesting objects of speculation.

I was about to observe, that custom has much to do with our characters. There are certain actions so naturally and palpably good or evil, that neither sophistry nor slander, nor address, can either injure, mend, or mar them. To question the light at noon day, or the dark in the zenith of the night, would argue a malady beyond madness: so in like manner to dispute, whether downright wickedness *be* wickedness, and evident excellence *be* excellence, would be a lunacy in ethics, so absurd, that the poetical frenzy of poor Lee would be cool argument to it—on the other hand, if you live and mix long with mankind, you will find many of your fellow-creatures, pining away existence under the lashes,—the bleeding lashes of reproach, merely because it is the custom to call one thing right and another wrong, without tracing either to the bottom. It is a maxim that the Vox populi, is the Vox Dei—that, “what every body says must be true.”

I know nothing so deserving of refutation as a collection of those old saws and proverbs, which, acquiring force from antiquity, and estimation from rust—for there are virtuosos in letters, as well as in coins—are at length considered as utterly incontestible. Now certain I am, that on an examination into those very maxims we put so much credit in, some will turn out futile, some disputable, and many unfaithful. This is not a place for minute scrutinies, it will be sufficient to look into *that* I have just mentioned, and there is none more implicitly believed. “What every body says must be true.”—I have seen many instances to disprove this; I will recur to one only which is uppermost in my memory. A young gentleman of my particular acquaintance, has for some time been deserted by his old companions, and branded as a man of unsteady

principles, whose heart I know to abound with all those sensibilities which hurried him into the vortex of liberality, till he has become an object of liberality himself. He has those glowing feelings and sentiments which do at once honor and service to human nature: notwithstanding which, embarrassments have beset him, and the world sets him down as an *undone* man. The world gets hold of a prejudice, and then it is called Vox Dei. The Vox Populi, is given as the sentiment of *every body*, and thus many reputations are mistaken and misrepresented, which deserve a better fate. There are various persons likewise particularly reprobated for a few indelicate concessions to which necessity may, in violence of their better judgments, have constrained them to yield, who, had they possessed happier circumstances, would have made a much more respectable figure than those who now mark them with infamy.

There is *one* cruelty in the Vox Populi, which is certainly against every notion of the Vox Dei. 'Tis the custom to abandon the weakest part of our species to *that* ruin which the artifices of our sex have perpetrated; nor can any future repentance remove the sense of their error, or restore them to the bosoms of more fortunate women:

“They set like stars to rise no more.”

I had a wife with whom I mourned many years. She died of a broken heart. We had an only child taken from us—robbed of her by a man we held near our hearts. It was my incessant business for five years to recover our darling—but in vain. My wife fell into a deep and rapid consumption—she grew weaker every hour. We received, by a special messenger, a packet—from our beloved—misguided—repenting wanderer! She had thrown the pathetic parts of her story into poetry.* We received at the same time, an attested account that our child was under the protection of that institution which offers an asylum to insulted penitence. My wife had only power to press the paper, trembling, to her bosom.—She feebly lifted her eyes to heaven—and died!

“LIBERAL OPINIONS.”

* See page 24.

A RACE TO THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

TO strive for the mastery has in all ages been a predominating passion with our new-married countrywomen. Some have obtained this desirable gratification by a right down masculine modification of their domestic conduct: others, more wise, by an irreproachable attachment to the humors of their yokemate, till even the avaricious have resigned the key to female smiles, and their golden gods to that irresistible influence none but the succumbing husband can delineate. To obtain this mastery, many other stratagems have been ventured on; but the most laughable and singular, is that sanctioned by the legends of the church, the faith of superstition, and the imperative dictates of tradition.

In the parish of St. Neots, in the most western county of England, is a well of pure water, overshadowed by a grove of trees; and these waters are consecrated to St. Keyne. In such veneration are they held, that whoever presumes to pollute them is held in detestation, till the offence be done away by offerings or public repentance; but, above all, the villagers believe, and the priest sanctions the belief, that whosoever drinks first of this well, after completion of the marriage ceremony, shall hold the mastery for life. To obtain this delightful supremacy, what sums have been spent—what schemes have been practised—what dangers have been run—provincial records can only testify, or the fair dames of Cornwall proclaim: but the most singular event is one of recent celebrity.

A youthful couple, of the greatest respectability, were lately married at St. Neots, and the bride having been previously tutored by her sisters, feigned, upon returning from church, sudden indisposition and, quitting the house of her husband privately, fled to the well of St. Keyne, where she, in presence of several witnesses, drank plentifully of the all-powerful waters, and then in good humor returned, perfectly satisfied with her success, to her unsuspecting bridegroom. The day was passed in all the plesantry that could be expected, and the night with all the comforts attached to the divine junction. The morning came, and, having quitted his bridal bed with the sun, the husband took his way to

the holy well, where, in presence of the hermit who makes the register, he drank of the fountain of supremacy, and then returned to his beloved partner. Time flew in his usual way, and happiness danced before them, till one day the goddess fled their mansion. Domestic quarrels are sometimes about a shadow, and the sweetest instruments will be discordant. To be brief, a dispute arose, and the parties engaged in a wordy war. The lady boasted her right to decide, for she had first drank of the well of St. Keyne. The husband contended for his prior right to supremacy; when fortunately for both, the parson of the parish entered, to whom was left the power of decision. The priest having fairly heard their respective pretensions, to the great chagrin of the lady and her sisters, gave a verdict in favor of the husband; declaring the bride had been too premature, for the matrimonial ceremony could not be said to be *completed* till after the *bedding*; and, of course, unless the lady could produce a just cause of impediment, the power contended for fell by right to the husband for life. No cause being pleaded, all matters were adjusted, and happiness again resumed her former station.

VILLAGE COURTSHIP.

Extracted from Anderson's Travelling Memorandums.

AT a village, not a hundred miles from Shrewsbury, I overheard the following conversation:

I would give my heart, said a well-looking young man to a beautiful girl, who sat beside him—I would give my heart, Susan, for one kindly kiss of those bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while. And pray, said Susan, with an arch expressive look, where hath that roving heart of thine so long concealed itself? You little enchanting rogue, said he, with an emphatic look, which met her consenting eye, and you pretend not to know where it has been! Then clasping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm ecstatic kiss expressive of the softest rapture. After she had a little recovered herself, with a sweeter blush suffusing her cheek than ever Aurora yet displayed,—Well, Robin, said she,

I also would give my heart to have back that kiss again, were it in my power to give: but alas! it is gone and I fear will never more be in my power. And when did this little wanderer take flight? said he, and where hath it taken up its abode since it left thee? It made its escape, the moment that I knew I had got possession of yours; for no sooner did I feel it warm within my breast, than it filled it so entirely, that I could find no place for any thing else; so off it flew directly, and here it took refuge, (putting her hand upon his breast:) feel how the little flutterer frisks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin, said she, concealing her face upon his bosom, and will prove ever true to you. Blessings upon thee, my lovely Susan, said he, pressing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon her's, the rapturous tears flowing copiously down, for now you have made me the happiest of mankind.

Blessings upon you both, said I, retiring; and blessings upon thee, Mr. Editor, and blessings upon all mankind. —My heart is full; for is there any pleasure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliss which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

A CURIOSITY.

THE fire-proof Spaniard, of whom so much has been lately said at Paris, has been an object of public curiosity at Madrid. The Madrid Gazette of the 27th of July, contains several circumstances relative to this man, which prove that he has not escaped from a convent, as some have conjectured. His name is Fastino Chacoa, and he was born at Toledo, in 1780. "This man," says the Madrid Gazette, was at Estremadura, in extreme poverty, at the age of 12 years; and recollecting that his mother had often told him that when he was very young, he had fallen into the fire without any injury, he thought of this experiment to get a livelihood. In fact, he exposed himself to the action of fire, without inconvenience; and making further experiments, he ventured at last into a baker's oven. From Estremadura he went to Zerez, and from thence to Cadiz. He was there, at the last bombardment of the English. He saved from the midst of the fire many persons who

were in a house in flames. At Cadiz, Mr. Robinson heard of him, and wished to see him; and though the young man never used his secret but from necessity, he was prevailed on to follow Mr. Robinson to Madrid and to Paris. He was in Madrid in June last. The Spaniard has submitted to the same process at Paris, at Madrid, and has had the same effect. The only effect which fire can have upon him, is he declares, that it gives him a kind of cramp; the degree of which, however, lessens upon the frequent use of his extraordinary faculty, as disuse increases it. He is a man without education, and does not know how to read.

MEDLEY.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

WOMEN were produced in the terrestrial paradise and not man; she was formed of nobler matter. God did not extract her from the head of man, for fear of giving her pride; nor from his feet, for fear he should despise her, but from his side, that she might be his companion; and this is the reason she is so pleasing.

A mother said one day to her daughter, When you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband. Yes, mamma, replied the young lady, *for the second time.*

From the unremitted cackle heard in the lobbies of the theatre, one would imagine that the Deity of Cyprus had harnessed *daws* and *magpies* instead of *doves*, to her chariot.

An itinerant preacher in the neighborhood of London, on a late Sunday, collected a mob by the oddity with which he commenced his prayer—Lord have mercy upon the soul of the first Frenchman who shall land on these shores.

Which is the best throw you can make with dice,—answer, *throw them away.*

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 24, 1803.

In our paper, No. 54, we committed an error, the date should have been, December 17.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

* * Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 32 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Consumption 8— inflammation of the bowels 1—scarlet fever 2—dropsy in the head 1—fever 1—palsy 1— inflammation 1—mortification 1—dropsy 1—fits 2—drowned 1—debility 1—poison 1— inflammation of the lungs 1—nervous fever 1—decline 1—small pox 1—chincough 1—lax 1—whooping-cough 1—diarrhoea 1—found dead at the 4 mile stone 1—disorder not mentioned 1.

Of this number 19 were adults and 13 children.

A number of young gentlemen of Philadelphia have associated for the laudable purpose of providing a hose, which in cases of fire will be competent to extend to hydrants at a great distance from the scene of conflagration. They are to be called the Hose Company, and the hose proposed to be procured is to be 600 feet in length.

FROM THE SALEM REGISTER.

M. Peyrouse.—The certainty of the fate of the two ships under the direction of M. Peyrouse will give relief to the public mind, though we must ever deplore the melancholy event which deprived the world of the services of that truly eminent commander.—By several gentlemen lately from the Isle of France it is reported—That a Danish ship on her passage to China in the western rout, took from an uninhabited Island, an officer and four or five men belonging to the ships commanded by M. Peyrouse, who were so emaciated and worn down for want of food, that they survived only a few days; and that papers containing the history of their shipwreck, and particulars of getting on shore among the natives, &c. were in possession of the government of the Isle of France.

The tale related by the unfortunate officer and men to the Danes on board the ship before they died, is, as nearly as I can learn, as follows—The ships left Port-Jackson, and after sailing sometime were unfortunately driven among rocks and shipwrecked.—the principal part of the officers and crews landed in safety, and preserved most part of the stores, &c. They found the natives numerous and apparently hospitable. After remaining sometime on the most peaceable terms with them, it was determined to build a small vessel from part of the wrecks and the stately trees abounding in their neighborhood, and to seek some European settlement, from whence they could procure a passage to their own country.—In the prosecution of this hopeful scheme they cut down several trees to commence the business: not thinking it of any consequence to the natives, they did not formally ask leave of them to use their timber—the savages, however, most unluckily conceiving their rights invaded, became instantly alarmed, and all their former friendly intercourse immediately ceased. It was not long before they became perfectly hostile, and watching an opportunity, when the French were off their guard, (which unhappily was sometimes the case from necessity, but too frequently from want of discipline,) they fell upon them from all quarters in a very numerous body, when a most horrible massacre ensued. The voyage of M. Peyrouse had been brought up within a few days to this fatal period.

and had been deposited in a safe place in case of accident, known to all the officers. The officer who had escaped thus far in the cruel business, flew to the spot, snatched the papers, fled to one of the boats, where he was joined by four or five men, and instantly put to sea, leaving his unhappy countrymen in the merciless hands of the savages, whom they supposed were soon overpowered and butchered by their treacherous friends. Happy to find themselves without the reach of one danger, they continued braving others until they fell in with an island, where they landed, (and here probably they lost their boat). On this island they remained some months, perhaps many, suffering extremely the want of food and raiment, until providence brought the Danish ship to their relief, who took them off in a wretched situation, worn down by hunger and thirst to skeletons. Notwithstanding every attention was paid them which humanity could dictate or tenderness suggest, they survived only time enough to relate their woful tale.

STAUNTON, (Vir.) December 9:

A melancholy accident happened on Thursday the 1st inst. in this county. The kitchen of a Mr. Coiner was consumed by fire, and with it two of his children, one about two and the other about four years of age, together with a negro child. Mrs. Coiner and three children being at home by themselves, she, while cleaning the house, told them not to go to the kitchen; a few minutes after having occasion to go there herself discovered it enveloped in flames, supposed to have originated by the children playing with the fire, dropping some coals into a quantity of flax contiguous to the door, which prevented her from entering; she immediately ran to a hole in the wall where she beheld her tender offspring with uplifted hands supplicating assistance, her exertions to rescue them in vain; on taking hold of their arms they slipped from her grasp, the skin remaining in her hands; she made a second effort, and got the head of one through the crevice, but being unable to get it farther, it was consumed together with the others, in the sight of its agonized parent. Their bones were gathered up on the following day and decently interred.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16.

First Floor, (Cobb) Maid of Bristol, (Boaden) and Mrs. Wiggins, (Allingham)

Even thus supported, the poor *Maid of Bristol* could not run. Indeed we wonder at the Manager's lack of judgment in producing her a second time.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 19.

John Bull, (Colman) and Bonaparte in England.

The comedy was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience, and was better play'd than ever. The new farce occasioned great merriment, but certainly the rich and poor vulgar were much disappointed in not seeing a descent upon England by the first Consul in person. The piece appears to be founded on the news-paper anecdote of an Italian Jew having been taken up upon suspicion of being Jerome Bonaparte.

The Clergy having appointed Wednesday the 21st as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and the Common Council of the city having recommended an observance of the day by abstaining from labor, the Theatre was opened the previous evening.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20.

She wou'd and she wou'd not, (Cibber) and Bonaparte in England.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, December 26,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

The uncommonly celebrated comedy of

JOHN BULL,

Or, an Englishman's Fireside.

To which will be added,

A Farce, in two Acts, called,

THE FIRST FLOOR.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE

Married.

On Friday evening last week, Mr. Samuel Stevenson, to Miss Mary Johnston, of the Wallkill, near Newburgh.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Dennis Miller, to Miss Maria Shay, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr. D. McCarthy, to Miss Eliza Phelan, both of this city.

On Monday evening, Mr. William Bull, to Miss Sarah Bachelor, daughter of Mr. John Bachelor, all of this city.

On Tuesday last, Mr. John W. Kearny, merchant, to Miss Ann Watts, daughter of Robert Watts, esq. all of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Andrew S. Norwood, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Ogilvie, daughter of Mr. Thomas Ogilvie, all of this city.

At Raritan, (N. J.) on Thursday evening last week, Mr. John Van Nest, to Miss Jane Van Nest, daughter of Mr. George Van Nest.

On Saturday evening, Mr. David Talmage, to Miss Catherine Van Nest, all of Raritan, (N. J.)

At Newburgh, on Thursday the 1st inst. Mr. Samuel Nelson, of this city, to Miss Mary Rogers, of the town of Wallkill.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. David M. Mills, to Miss Juliana Tucker, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last week, Mr. Cadwallader Roe, to Miss Mary Hyer, both of this city.

With blessings Hymen crown their joys,
And fill their arms with girls and boys!



Died.

On Tuesday Morning last Mrs. Deborah S. Church.

On Wednesday morning, at the house

of Dr. Gamage, Mrs. Abigail Gamage, aged 85 years.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Clarinda E. Auchincloss, wife of Mr. Arthur Auchincloss, merchants,—much lamented by her friends and acquaintances.

On Wednesday morning last week, at his residence in Nottingham, (N. J.) of a lingering disease, Mr. James Salter, late Treasurer of that State.

On Wednesday evening last week, at his seat in Sussex county, (N. J.) Col. Marx Thomson, formerly a member of Congress from that State.

On the 11th inst, at his seat in Dorchester county, William Vans Murray, esq. late minister from the United States at the Hague, and minister plenipotentiary to the French republic, and a distinguished member of Congress.

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do.—Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Mats.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER.

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.



ALMERIA,

OR,

THE PENITENT.

Being a genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate Daughter in ***** to her family in the Country.

BY — PRATT.

Continued from page 24.

ALCANOR, curst Alcanor! first I sought,
(And, as I past, a fatal dagger caught),
The smiling villain soon my fury found,
Struck at his heart, and triumph'd in the wound:
'A ruin'd woman gives,' I cry'd, 'the stroke;
He reel'd, he fell, he faint'd, as I spoke.
But soon as human blood began to flow,
Soon as it gush'd, obedient to the blow,
Soon as the ruddy stream his cheek forsook,
And death sat struggling in his dying look,
Love, and the woman all at once return'd;
I felt his anguish, and my rashness mourn'd;
O'er his pale form I heav'd the bursting sigh,
And watch'd the changes of his fading eye;
To stop the crimson tide, my hair I tore,
Kiss'd the deep gash, and wash'd with tears the gore.
'Twas love, 'twas pity—call it what you will,
Where the heart feels—we all are women still.

But low I bent my knees to pitying heaven,
For his recovery to my prayers was given;
He liv'd—to all the rest I was resign'd,
And murder rack'd no more my tortur'd mind:
He liv'd—but soon with mean perfidious stealth,
Forsook his prey and rioted in wealth.

Yet think not now arriv'd the days of joy;
Alcanor flatter'd only to destroy;
Alike to blast my body and my mind,
He rob'd me first, then left me to mankind;
Soon from his Janus face the mask he tore,
The charm was broke and magic was no more;
The dreadful cheat awhile to hide he strove,
By poor pretences of a partial love,
Awhile disguis'd the surfeits of his heart,
And topp'd full well the warm admirer's part,
Till tir'd at last with lab'ring to conceal,
And feigning transports which he did not feel,
He turn'd at once so civilly polite,
Whate'er I said, indifference made so right,
Such coldness mark'd his manners and his mein,
My guilt—my ruin—at a glance was seen.

In vain I now assum'd a chaster part,
In vain I struggled with a broken heart,
In vain I try'd to purify my stain,
Correct my life, and rise (reform'd) again:
Pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,
And sought protection from each friend I knew;
Each friend, at my approach, shrunk back with dread,
And bad me hide my penitential head:
E'en for the meanest servitude I sought,

But nice suspicion at my figure caught,
My dress too flaunting, or my air too free,
And deep reserve betok'ning mystery;
Some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,
And ev'ry question flush'd my cheeks with shame;
Conscious of guilt, o'ershadow'd by pretence,
'Twas hard to act the *farce* of innocence.
Oft as I begg'd the lowest servant's place,
The treacherous color shifted in my face;
The fatal secret glow'd in ev'ry look,
Trembling I stood, and falteringly I spoke.

Next came the views of home into my mind,
With each dear comfort I had left behind;
Pardon and pleasure started to my thought,
While hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault:
But soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,
And left me begging at each door for bread.
Yet poor indeed was this support to me,
(Ah! had I starv'd on common charity!)
Far other woes and sufferings were in store,
My fame was lost and I could rise no more!
Driven to the dreadful precipice of sin,
My brain swam round the gulph and hurl'd me in!
And now no pen could picture my distress,
'Twas more, much more than simple wretchedness;
Famine and guilt, and conscience tore my heart,
And urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.
Take the plain truth, and learn at once my shame:—
Such my hard fate—I, welcom'd all that came.
But oh! no transport mingled with my stains,
No guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;
No vicious hope indelicately gay,
Nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;
The flatt'ring compliment fatigu'd my ear,
While half afraid, I half conceal'd a tear:
Whole nights I pass'd insensible of bliss,
Lost to the loath'd embrace and odious kiss;
Nor wine nor mirth the aching heart could fire,
Nor could the sprightly music aught inspire;
Alive to each reflection that oppress'd,
The more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd;
E'en in the moment of unblest desire,
Oft would the wretch complain I wanted fire;
Cold as a statue in his arms I lay,
Wept through the night, and blush'd along the day—
Ah! think what terrors e'er can equal mine!
Ah! think, and pity, for I once was thine!
The sweet society of friends was o'er,
For happier woman dare invite no more;
And they, at noon, would meet me with alarms,
Who stole at midnight to my venal arms.
My own companions no sweet comfort brought,
A shameful set, incapable of thought;
Their wanton passions ne'er could touch my heart,
For all was looseness, infamy, and art;
No modest maxims suited to improve,
No soft sensations of a chaster love,
No generous prospects of a soul refin'd,
No worthy lessons of a noble mind:
E'er touch'd their bosoms; harden'd to their state,
Charm'd at their arts, and glorying in their fate,
Some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,
The dreadful oath, the blasphemy extreme;
Th' affected laugh, the rude-retorted lie,
Th' indecent question, and the bold reply;
E'en in their dress their business I could trace,
And broad was stamp'd the harlot on each face;
O'er ev'ry part the shameful trade we spy,
The step audacious, and the rolling eye;
The smile insidious, and the look obscene,
The air enticing, and the mincing mein.

To be continued.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 145, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd Patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Rack solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

APOLLO SOCIETY.

Under the direction of James Everdell.

The members of this society are informed, that its meetings will commence on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, and be continued on every Tuesday, at the house of Mr. Everdell, No. 90, in Chamber-Street.

Persons wishing to become members, may be made acquainted with the regulations, by applying to Mr. Everdell.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE,

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery-offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing some Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

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